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American Women's Club Dinner - January 23, 1963

We are grateful tonight for having been afforded the privilege of holding our meeting in Haberdashers' Hall. The British Guild system has, probably unfortunately, no counterpart in our own country. The Worshipful Company of Haberdashers of the City of London was granted its first Charter in 1443 by King Henry VI. This was almost two hundred years before the planting of the Virginia Colony in America, and almost half a century before the discovery of the Western Hemisphere by Europeans.

I think it might be appropriate in speaking to the American Women's Club to tell you, as American citizens, something about the operation of your Embassy here. After all, it is your Embassy, not representing your Government in a temporary way, but, regardless of changes in political administrations at home, a permanent institution.

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Our Embassy is charged with the responsibility, and obligation, to control all elements of the American Government's activities in the United Kingdom, with the one exception, and that limited, of the operations of our military forces.

It is, I find, a common impression formed by Americans in London that our not inconspicuous and somewhat controversial, from an architectural standpoint, building on Grosvenor Square houses an inordinate number of State Department representatives.

I don't know what the dimensions are which justify the use of the word "inordinate". All things, as Aristotle obscurely commented, are relative.

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The Department of State employs in Great Britain 130 Americans, and 245 of what are termed "locals". Since the latter do not have access to confidential or classified information, but [redacted] who efficiently carry out housekeeping and more important functions, one might say that the State Department bureaucracy is smaller in numbers than, for example, the employees in Claridges Hotel. Moreover, of those I have mentioned, 22 Americans and 64 Britishers work in our eight Consulates in the United Kingdom.

Why, then, this enormous building? Is it half empty? What goes on there? The answer is complicated. The US Government establishment in the whole of the United Kingdom, excluding operational military units, amounts to 389 Americans and 429 British nationals, a total of 818 persons.

We have, besides State Department employees, counting [redacted] Americans and nationals, 70 members of the United States Information Service, 13 [redacted] the Foreign Agricultural Service, 14 representing the Treasury Department, over one hundred in the Military Attache Services domain. In addition, there are representatives of the Atomic Energy Commission, the Federal Aviation Agency, the Maritime Administration, International Assistance Agency, National Institute of Health, the Coast Guard, the U. S. Travel Service, Office of Naval Research, Office of Industrial Liaison, Air Force Plant office, [redacted] and of other agencies.

You may well ask, why should an Ambassador have to deal with this miscellany of bureaucratic interests. I think the answer is evident; if they were not coordinated, or under an acknowledged central control, the situation would be intolerable.

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Having told you that State Department employees represent less than half of all US Government employees in the UK (except those subject to the Status of Forces Agreement), I should like to say something about the duties of an Ambassador here, outside of the administrative ones necessarily attendant upon his direction of the personnel I have enumerated.

One of the principal occupations of an American Ambassador in the United Kingdom is to meet visitors from his own country. For example, in the calendar year 1962, I received in my office alone 105 functionaries of the United States Government, for conversations lasting from fifteen minutes to several hours. My other office appointments, exclusive of literally thousands of internal conferences, amounted to 283.

I am not complaining about the number of visitors from my own country. I merely remark that an American Ambassador abroad inevitably, unfortunately, spends much more time with his own countrymen than he does with the natives of the country to which he is accredited.

Last year, I personally responded to 368 Congressional letters and telegrams. A much greater number were dealt with elsewhere in the Embassy.

We received in 1962 28,089 telegraphic messages, and bounced back 12,601. I cannot assert that I read all outgoing and incoming traffic of this sort, but I certainly did read the majority of it. This does not include a vast flood of written reports, airgrams, and other modes of communication.

There are those who seem to consider that the social side of life in an American Embassy is entirely agreeable. Indeed, it is agreeable, but not entirely. Social occasions necessarily demand much attention by the Ambassador and his wife.

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Last year we were invited to 228 receptions, of which we attended about 10 per cent.

I was asked to 102 luncheons, and went to 33. There were 169 invitations to dinner, and I attended 31 of them.

Miscellaneous invitations, not including those from personal friends, flowed in. Out of 243, I accepted 47.

I made speeches on many occasions, ~~but~~ of them 27 were long, serious, ~~and~~ tedious, ~~and~~ of an official nature.

In the course of this same year, my wife and I gave 61 lunches, with a total of 520 guests, and 33 dinners, with 454 guests. This is exclusive again of personal friends, unofficial acquaintances, and casual intimate entertainment.

Overnight guests, staying varying lengths of time, were almost always present in the house, which, in such respects, is like a hotel.

What are euphemistically called receptions, but, in fact, are cocktail parties, are fairly frequent. Of these, we gave 44, for a total of about 3000 people. I would judge that another 500 at least came on an unofficial basis.

In summary, during the 278 days I was in London in 1962, I was involved, excluding non-official occasions, in 323 entertainments.

One of the duties of an Ambassador is to call and receive the calls of his Diplomatic colleagues. ~~But~~ in less than two years, I have been to see, and have in return been visited by, most of the heads of other Missions. These calls have consumed a minimum of 200 hours, which, on the basis of a theoretical 40 hours a week, means five weeks devoted to no other purpose.

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All of an American Ambassador's time is not spent in London. There are Consulates to visit, speeches, stays to be made in the principal cities of the United Kingdom, or international conferences to attend. In 1962, I was away from London, on official duties, for 87 days, in the course of which I travelled over 26,000 miles.

So much for the Embassy, and an Ambassador's routine.

Perhaps the greatest problem now confronting us is Western disunity in the face of the almost monolithic stability of world-wide Communism, despite whatever discords may exist between the Chinese and the Russians.

It is natural that in Democracies, there should be sharp differences in assessments and policies. Such differences are usually of a tactical kind, for the strategic objectives of the Free World are distinct and agreed. The Sino-Soviet bloc, by contrast, can tactically direct the activities of their own peoples, and those of their satellites, to the end of achieving, in the cold war, unity of action.

Their clarity of dogma is of immense service to our adversaries. It enables them to mobilize all instruments in a common cause, and to devote carefully controlled publicity media to a predetermined purpose. While the West talks with many voices, our articulate antagonist speaks with only one, but that is authoritative.

Many suggestions have been made for bringing about a more effective alliance of Free nations. The use of NATO as an instrument for political and economic cohesion has been examined. Since it had its genesis in military concerns, national representation in it was largely dictated by

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military considerations. The wisdom of expanding its authority so that it might wield [illegible]e influence on financial and economic affairs, has been questioned, although [illegible]e importance of intimate consultation between its members on matters of joint interest is recognized.

The Free World is interconnected, though not integrated, in a variety of institutions, ranging from military compacts to economic undertakings. The bulk of the support given to these institutions comes from theNations of the West, including the United States and Canada, as well as from some of the members of the British Commonwealth.

Can this connection, still fragmentized, be made more perfect? There is a reasonable disinclination in each democratic government to surrender any portion of national sovereignty, and carefully to protect itself against the accidents of fortune by jealously preserving its own freedom of action.

Such a course has historically been practicable, though inefficient. Wartime coalitions have, in the West, proved adequate to counter, and finally to overcome, enemy attacks.

I am doubtful whether this will again be possible, if for no other reason, because of nuclear weapons. Their power of destruction is so unlimited, their cost so immense, that all the resources of the Atlantic countries, even if placed under ~~central~~ unified control, may be scarcely adequate to cope with the capacity of an enemy to wreck our civilization.

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So, then, how should we proceed? We have seen the creation, in a single decade, of common institutions enabling key countries of Europe, containing more than 180 million people, to achieve mutually advantageous economic aims. These same countries are now pressing toward the goal of political federation or confederation. It would seem logical to bring about an even more intimate relationship between the Free States. To this end, new institutions and new procedures will inevitably be invented.

What forms such institutions and procedures might take will only be disclosed in the fulness of time. As in many other problems confronting democracies, no easy or quick solutions are visible.

Western cohesion has been gravely threatened by recent developments affecting the possibility of the UK entering the Common Market. It would be inappropriate for me to comment ~~this evening~~ tonight on this matter; it is evident that it is one of vast and portentous importance.

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under guests who included Princess Marina, Diana Cooper, and practically all the other notables he has ever photographed. He is a wonderful host. I went to bed at 3:00 a.m.

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January 24, 1963 - Thursday

I paid a return call on the Tunisian Ambassador this morning, at 29 Prince's Gate, after having bought several prints. He has the lowest possible opinion of Ben Bella, whom he says is responsible for the recent attempt on President Bourgiba's life.

Lunched at the American Club. Later went to make a return call on the Ambassador of Iran, at 26 Prince's Gate. Each of these expeditions took up an hour and a half of time.

We dined at Lancaster House, where Lord [redacted]-Home gave a dinner for Vice President and Foreign Minister Pelaez, of the Philippines. Unfortunately, the VIP had been stricken with influenza and did not show. There was, however, what Brigadier McNab called a " phalanx of Philippinos", the members of which seemed, on the whole, in depressed spirits. I imagine it was the English weather that [redacted] got them down, for they talked of little else. The conversations they are to have with the British regarding their shadowy, if indeed non-existent, claims to Borneo will be ticklish.

I had a long talk after dinner with Harold Wilson, who expressed satisfied optimism about the likelihood of his being elected Leader of the Labour Party. He denounced Callaghan for having entered the race.

Acting on Departmental instructions, I invited Defense Minister Peralta to visit Washington on his way home. The cagey fellow did not say yes or no, but I believe it will require little wheedling for him to accept.

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I was impressed early in the day by the Iranian Ambassador. He is a son-in-law of the Shah. He says the vote on Saturday of this week regarding the Shah's six-point plan for reforms will have the greatest significance. The Ruler has now completed plans for the disposition of all the Royal rural properties. The Ambassador some years ago distributed his own land and five of his six villages to the peasants. Since Iran is over 80% agricultural, these particular projects, if successfully implemented, may break the baneful power of the great land owners.

January 25, 1963 - Friday

I spent most of the morning being photographed by an English photographer, Mr. McEwan, in connection with Joan Braden's article on Embassies for the Saturday Evening Post. He had another go at us during the staff meeting.

Pamela and Michael Berry and Joan Braden lunched with us at the house. The conversation was free, which was pleasurable, since both the ladies are in a position to know the inside story of many political events. Joan recently spent an evening in New York with Adlai Stevenson, who told her his version of the allegations made by Stewart Alsop and Bartlett in their Saturday Evening Post article on the Cuban affair.

Earl S. Lathrop, with an associate, called on me. He had a letter from Kenneth O'Donnell of the White House, and another from the Department of Commerce, introducing him. He is making for a subsidiary of Dun & Bradstreet a survey in Great Britain and the Common Market countries, with a view to a considerable investment in these countries on behalf of his corporation.

Sidney and Flora (Lewis) Gruson came to see me. They are old friends, and I had a pleasant hour with them. He has just taken over the New York Times

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bureau here from Drew Middleton. Flora will be in the Newsweek offices here, writing for the Washington Post and other periodicals.

Tonight Mr. McEwan came to the residence, where there was another mammoth round of photographs, in which Nicky, much to his dudgeon, was included.

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January 26, 1963 - Saturday

To the office this morning. Talked with Tom Beale about the call he is to make later today on Ted Heath to apprise him of the steps we are taking over the weekend in various capitals in an attempt to be helpful in the Common Market crisis.

I have been preoccupied for a couple of days over attempting, so far as is possible, to squelch various rumors about Phil Graham, who is now in a hospital in Washington with what seems to be a serious mental break-down.

I had a letter early in the week from Dean Rusk in the following terms, and am sending back to him this morning this answer:

"Dear David:

Just a personal note to say that the President and I both hope that you will be remaining at your post. You may observe a few ambassadorial changes in the weeks and months immediately ahead, and this might raise in your own mind whether we had any plans about London. We have none except to entertain the hope that you will be willing to carry on the distinguished service that you have been rendering. If you have other ideas, I would then urge you to consider whether you could not give us at least another year.

With warm best wishes,

Sincerely yours,

Dean Rusk"

"Dear Dean:

Many thanks for your letter. I feel honored by the suggestion of the President and yourself that I stay on here at least another year. I would be happy to do so.

I much appreciate your writing me as you have.

With warm personal regards,

Ever yours, David"

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We had lunch at the house for Lady Diana Cooper, Viscount Hood, Raimund and Lady Elizabeth von Hofmannsthal, Patrick Leigh-Fermor, Joan Braden and Fred Warner. After lunch, Leigh-Fermor, an outstandingly entertaining man, sang a lot of songs, new and old. His rendition of D' Ye Ken John Peel in Italian is screamingly funny.

We are still locked in a sea of snow. The dogs have to be taken out on leashes, for, left to themselves, they eat so many dead birds they are subsequently ill.

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January 27, 1963 - Sunday

Much warmer today, with the thermometer approaching 40. We went down with Yvonne and Jamie Hamilton to Robert Lutyens' flat, to see the portraits he is doing of me. To my consternation, I found that during my absence he had scrapped both of them, which I had thought were finished, and had started anew. Since he requires no further sittings, this is agreeable to me.

We stopped for a sherry at a pub opposite his apartment, called The Lowndes Arms. Nothing can exceed the coziness of a British pub in bad weather. The placed reeked of beer and geniality, as no doubt did the famous brothel next door.

Al Wells came out this afternoon, with messages from the Department that demanded immediate attention. They had to do with the possible break-up of the conference at Brussels on British entry in the Common Market.

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January 28, 1963 - Monday

Bob Loom came to see me this morning. He is doing a survey that may occupy him for three years, on China Policy, for the Council on Foreign Relations.

I lunched at the Turf Club with Sir John Marriott, Sir David Cairns, and Mr. Adams, a barrister.

Admiral McMullen came to see me this afternoon. He is Paul Mellon's first cousin. I had not met him for many years. His wife went to school in Switzerland with Evangeline, and is going to see her tomorrow.

Douglas Fairbanks called on me. He is putting his various business interests together in a single company, later to be publicly financed. I continue to profit by his gift of pens and pencils.

We went to see Count and Countess Raben at 83 Addison Road. She, an American, is a great friend of the Dean Achesons. Her husband, a Dane, has lived here for many years. We had a pleasant time with them and their daughter and son-in-law.

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January 29, 1963 - Tuesday

Cardinal Spellman came to the office this morning to see me. He arrived last night from Rome. He has been on a world tour. I thought he looked feeble in health. His gait was not completely steady. He is about 74 years old.

At a quarter of 11:00 I was seated in Westminster Cathedral, with tail coat and silk hat, on a diplomatic bench, to attend the high mass in memory of Cardinal Godfrey, who died last week. The ceremony was beautiful, but lasted for more than two hours. As in all public places in England, the frequency of coughing and sneezing always strikes one. I am inclined to think over half the population have permanent catarrhs, colds, or bronchial disturbances.

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Evangeline took me to a late lunch at The Guinea, where we fed deliciously. I then paid a return call on the accomplished Greek Ambassador, Michel Melas, at 51 Upper Brook Street.

Dr. Robert Davidson, President of Westminster College at Fulton, Missouri, and Mr. Patrick Hornsbrugh called on me, in connection with the fund they are raising as a memorial to Winston Churchill, to transport one of the damaged Wren churches here to Fulton. The old gentleman has given his blessing to the enterprise. Meanwhile, a resolution is pending in Congress to make him an honorary American citizen.

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From 6:00 until about 7:30, I entertained the following British newspapermen in my conference room:

Nicholas Carroll, Sunday Times
Robert Stephens, The Observer
Gordon Brook-Shepherd, Sunday Telegraph
A. M. Rendel, The Times
Michael Hilton, Daily Telegraph
Michael King, Daily Mirror
Andrew Boyd, The Economist
Christopher Serpell, BBC
Ian Trethowan, Independent Television News
John Dickie, Daily Mail
Charles Douglas-Home, Daily Express
Allan Clark, Daily Herald
Anthony Hartley, The Spectator
Godfrey Morrison, Reuters
A. Shrimsley, Sunday Pictorial

We ranged over many topics, and I found the exchanges interesting.

We sent off two telegrams tonight about the oil pipe situation. We have been vainly attempting to have the British Government embargo such shipments to Soviet Russia.

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The Turkish Ambassador, Mr. Kemal Nejat Kavur, paid a courtesy call on me. We found we had several mutual friends in the Turkish Foreign Office.

I went to 21 Kensington Palace Gardens to pay my return call on the Lebanese Ambassador. He still thinks the US Government made a mistake in recognizing the Yemen Republic, and hopes the British will not do likewise.

I lunched at the Travellers Club with Col. C. H. Ellis. He thinks The Quiet Canadian was badly written, but already more than 30,000 copies of it have been sold. I asked him if I found a publisher whether he would be willing to write his own memoirs. He said he would.

Don Cook and Tom Lambert of the New York Herald Tribune came to see me.

Tonight, E and I were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Gulbenkian at the Ritz Hotel, at a dinner in honor of the Iranian Ambassador. This was a huge function. I sat between Mrs. Gulbenkian and Lady Reilly. Afterwards Nubar Gulbenkian and I had a long and frank talk about his father. The story is quite fascinating, especially in respect to how the son ceased to be "the apple of the father's eye" and was finally fobbed off with a minor sum, compared with the old man's vast holdings. The senior Gulbenkian's father died at the age of 106, and I remember the senior saying when he was in his 80's that he really must, in a few years, make a new will. There were lots of diplomats and others at the dinner, including Van Kleffens, of Holland, representative here for European Community affairs, with whom I had an instructive conversation. Our host, as he does day or evening, wore an orchid in his buttonhole. He has a magnificent beard, from which his colossal cigars jut forth.

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I telephoned Jean Monnet, and reached him in Brussels. He is going on tonight to Bonn, and said he would call me early tomorrow morning.

I called successively at the Foreign Office on Alec Home, Ted Heath, and Harold Caccia.

Home was as spirited as ever. We rattled teacups, and talked of everything except the weather.

Heath looked tired--little wonder. He told me of his plans to continue in communication with the Five. He is unruffled. His reputation, at home and abroad, has been enhanced by his admirable conduct of the late negotiations. I like and admire him. He is honorable, straightforward, intelligent, attractive.

Harold Caccia has hung his Austrian shooting trophies on his office walls. Also he could properly boast of having the cayest open grate, with the best blaze in the Foreign Office. His sparkling eyes, and delicate, pink complexion, become him.

From my four conversations with Britishers today, I gathered that although they have considered what future lines of European policy might be followed, a considerable time will elapse before any decisions are reached. It is unlikely this will take place without lengthy consultations with us.

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February 1, 1963 - Friday

E drove with me to London Airport. It snowed last night, but the sky is moderately clear today. BOAC is the only line presently operating out of London to Friendship. These bi-weekly flights must be unprofitable, for there were only two first, and eight economy, class passengers.

We were due to stop at Boston, but something went wrong with a "Seal", so we set down in New York for repairs, remaining there two hours before heading for Baltimore. Gordon Knox met me. We drove straight to the Department, where

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I conferred with George Ball and Bill Tyler about our meeting with the President tomorrow. I am staying at the Metropolitan Club.

February 2, 1963 - Saturday

André Visson awakened me with a telephone call. It seems television [redacted] snapped me--though speechless--at Friendship last night. I escaped from my room with utmost speed, for the newspaper fraternity has spotted me.

I rode over with Dean Rusk to the White House, where we, with George Ball and Mac Bundy spent an hour or longer with the President. Mr. Kennedy was full of humor, in spite of his concern over the grave problems General deGaulle has posed him. I was invited to give my views, which I fear I did with excessive elaboration. Inter alia, I said I do not share the belief, often expressed in the last few days, that West Germany would adopt or follow any proposal for the withdrawal of American forces from Europe. I thought it crude and unnecessary to force them to make a public choice between France and the United States on this and many other subjects, but believed we would quickly learn through more sophisticated methods, that they would remain faithful to their NATO commitments, and to their military understandings, present and prospective, with us.

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I was told to undertake a variety of tasks, and to prepare myself for a stay in Washington that might last a month.

Dean Rusk, Mac Bundy and I lunched at John McCone's. Afterwards, I went to Bundy's office to emerge with enough Secret and Top Secret papers to occupy me indefinitely. I started on them in Bill Tyler's office, where I read until late evening.

February _, 1963 - Sunday

I went out to breakfast, a habit I ordinarily reprobate, drawn by the generous invitation of Fanny and Barksdale Hamlett to have it with them in their quarters at

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Fort McNair. We each ate two broiled quail, quantities of grits, beaten biscuits, and other rare fare. I was enchanted to see these friends, and to profit by Ham's sensible reflections on our military posture.

I met Tyler at the Department. More reading and education. It is always pleasant to be with him.

I gave lunch to Henry Brandon at the Metropolitan Club. I did not realize that no hard liquor is served in Washington on Sunday, but we appeased our thirst with a Chateau Talbot 1955. It is both helpful and challenging to discuss international politics with one so well-informed and analytical as Henry. The President not only likes him, but is said to respect his judgment.

The infallible Truman called for me in his immaculate Car for Hire, in which I grandly proceeded to the Phil Grahams, there to see Kay and hear something of the tragic and horrendous tale of Phil's recent conduct and distressed mental condition. I find no comic or relieving element in it and can only sorrow for them both.

To dinner at Marian Leiter's, whose talent for securing good cooks and company was again evident. Amongst guests were the Ormsby-Gores, Claiborne Pells, Carter Brown, Benjamin Welles, Joseph Alsops, a Spaniard (dark and polite), Lily Guest. When the men were segregated after dinner, Joe surveyed, in an imperial manner, the world scene. Gore reduced him to a more pedestrian posture with witty, though serious, aplomb. It was an attractive party.

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February 4, 1963 - Monday

Kim Roosevelt stopped by the Department to see me. He is with the Gulf Oil Company, but still interests himself in other Middle East developments. He heard that our Government is pressing [illegible] to recognize the Yemen Republican

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regime, and is opposed to this being done, thinking our own recognition was a mistake.

Had a long talk with Walt Rostow, a factory of ideas. Lunched with Bill Tyler at 1925 F Street Club.

Interviews all afternoon. At last, dinner; I consumed only two dishes, one diamond back terrapin, and the other Crabmeat Maryland in a chafing dish; an odd succession of riches.

February 5, 1963 - Tuesday

I think my new diet suits me, so I must eat more quail, terrapin and crab.

George McGhee and Bob Bowie in the morning. Lunch with the Secretary and Chris Herter. More changes in my instructions from the President. The final document reads:

At 4:15 I went with Dean Rusk to the White House. Besides the members of the National Security Council Executive Committee, Dean Acheson, Chris Herter, Red Dowling, Foy Kohler, George Ball and others were there. Dean recounted with brio his conversation today with the German Foreign Office Undersecretary, Carstens.

The President read extracts from his paper of instructions to me; also he commented on the Acheson task of examining our Balance of Payments difficulties.

Dined tonight with Mac and Chris Herter. The Bob Schaetzels, Isabelle and Laurie Norstad (he is now an officer of Corning Glass), the Ted Achilles, Lily Guest, the Philip Watts, were there. We had useful talk after dinner, especially on the subject of political consultation.

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February 6, 1963 - Wednesday

Breakfasted at the Joe Alsops', an enjoyable experience. He is an affectionate fellow and wonderful company on non-political matters. Diana Cooper has arrived to stay with them. I bustled about the Department this morning, arranging to have papers written on some of the subjects assigned to me. Bob Schaetzel and Bill Tyler are, as usual, pillars of strength. George Ball has generously released Art Hartman to be a sort of Chief of Staff.

Lunched on the Eighth floor, where I saw many old friends.

This afternoon, I went to Mac Bundy's office, obtained a White House pass and a huge room (formerly Maxwell Taylor's) in the Executive Offices opposite the White House.

Later, Dean Rusk, George Ball, Bill Tyler and I met to define how I should operate. Dean said it was the wish of the President and himself that I make an absolutely independent, personal report, which any Governmental individuals or agencies might shoot down in flames if they could.

Tonight, I dined with Mary and Mac Bundy at their house, as did the Balls, the Tylers, Red Dowling and Foy Kohler. We had a delicious meal, and, afterwards, constructive talk on European affairs.

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February 7, 1963 - Thursday

Started the morning in my cavernous office in the old State, War, and Navy building, which gives me the envied privilege of using the White House motor pool. It is well stocked with new cars, and offers twenty-four hour service.

To New State, where I absorbed advice from Red and a parcel of other Ambassadors.

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Lunched at the Metropolitan; then went to call on David Gore at the British Embassy. We agreed [redacted] it would be useful if the British Government were to inform us through thorough advance consultation of steps they might take in the wake of the failure of the Brussels conference.

Stewart Alsop interviewed me in connection with an article he is preparing for the Saturday Evening Post.

Dined with Dowling, and later worked until 1:00 a.m. on my paper.

The Metropolitan Club is not the best place in Washington to sleep. An office building is being constructed opposite, and the workmen commence their ear splitting activities at six each morning.

February 8, 1963 - Friday

Toiled steadily all day. Appeared in the afternoon, with Alexis Johnson, Bill Tyler, Red Dowling, and Foy Kohler, before the Joint Chiefs of Staff at the Pentagon.

Dined tonight with Lorraine and John Cooper, at their house. They have Spanish servants who served up sensational lobsters, well matched for quality by the host's and hostess's conversation.

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Phil Graham called me about midnight from New York. He sounded entirely rational, but his recent behavior has been odd beyond description.

February 9, 1963 - Saturday

Spent the morning at the Executive Offices and the Department. Lunched alone with Andre Visson, at his house, on caviar and the thickest steak ever seen. Its size did not daunt Andre, whose bulk probably requires jumbo nourishment.

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Back to work. George Ball produced a good story about Wormser, head of the French delegation during the Common Market negotiations. Asked why de Gaulle [redacted] refused to allow British entry when matters seemed on the eve of being settled, he replied, not too cryptically: "It reminds me of an incident in the province where I spent my childhood. Two respectable neighboring families had agreed on the marriage of the son of one to the daughter of the other. The young man, defying his father, refused to go along with the arrangement unless he could see his intended bride in the nude. This suggestion was regarded initially with horror, but finally it was settled that he could see her naked through a peephole. After prolonged scrutiny, he backed away from his vantage point to find his father anxiously awaiting him. He told the father he could not possibly marry the girl. When asked his reasons, he replied: "I never liked girls with blue eyes."

Dined with the Tylers and their daughter, Eve Thompson. Bill and I each ate a dozen oysters on the half-shell. Many people in Washington have given up oysters and clams, believing they are transmitters of hepatitis.

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February 10, 1963 - Sunday

Temperature about 35°, clear.

Went to State to meet my pals. The preliminary draft for the President is still slightly in the rough, but substantially finished. Averell, [redacted] a universal favorite in State, took me to lunch at the Metropolitan, and told me of our Governmental tribulations in his area. I thought him as mentally and physically fit as he was 25 years ago. He is said to have the best organized bureau in the Department. He drove me, in his dilapidated jalopy, back to the office where I waded chin deep in position papers, prepared with great skill and knowledge, but inconclusive as to recommendations for action.

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Late this afternoon, I visited Dean Acheson at his house. It was a stimulating hour. He told me how he was approaching his task of seeking a solution for our Balance of Payments problem.

I dined at Oatsie Leiter's with a heavenly group. Eve and Harry Labouisse (about to return to Athens), Bill Walton, Lily Guest, Fred Warner, Mac Herter, Jane and Bob Joyce, were there.

Dear Trafford Klots sent me a pail of diamond back terrapin from the Maryland Club. I have stashed it in an icebox.

February 11, 1963 - Monday

I submitted my paper to Mac Bundy this morning; he seemed pleased with it, and arranged for me to see the President. I spent an hour and a half alone with Mr. Kennedy, and was again impressed by the wide range of his mind, his quick ability to isolate the salient points in a discussion, and his unusually attractive personality.

At last, I saw Diana Cooper, through a lunch at the Wisners. As one would have expected, she has been a first magnitude star here. The Joe Alsops, Tish Alsop, Joan Braden (arrived yesterday from Rome), Fred Warner, Arthur Schlesinger, Kay Graham, were there.

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Spent most of the afternoon at Bundy's office, entangled in the Multilateral Force, an intricate subject.

I had Carrie and Macgill James for dinner tonight at the Metropolitan.

February 12, 1963 - Tuesday

My sixty-fifth birthday. It is raining. I feel twenty years younger than my age, but fear I look twenty older.

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Attended a 10:00 a.m. Executive Committee meeting of the National Security Council at the White House. The points at issue concerned the Multilateral Force project. There was a deal of intellectual and political power present: The President, the Vice President, Secretaries Rusk, Macnamara, Dillon, the Attorney-General, Ed Murrow, Mac Bundy, George Ball, Bill Tyler, Dean Acheson, Chris Herter, Carl Kasen, Ambassadors Tom[illegible] Thompson, Merchant and Dowling.

I had a cable of birthday congratulations from Chancellor Adenauer.

Lunched at State. Worked there and at my other office until late this evening.

February 13, 1963 - Wednesday

Lunched with Livie Merchant. The President is fortunate in having persuaded this wise, admirable man to undertake the Multilateral Force project.

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This afternoon, I went to Senator Fulbright's office to brief him and some of his Senatorial associates about British affairs in connection with the trip they are to make this weekend to Bermuda, where they will meet a group of members of the House of Commons.

At six, I went to the Cabinet room, where the President decided on Merchant's instructions. Then he took up the question of possible British Association with the Common Market. George Ball and I spoke to it; Ball has drawn a good paper on the subject. It was concluded that Dowling should take certain measures in Bonn, and Tuthill in Brussels. Also, the US Government should make no public declarations, or establish a categorial position.

Ate Traff's terrapin tonight with Joan Braden. It seemed in perfect condition, although it had reposed in an icebox for five days after cooking.

Went with Joan to Alice Longworth's, where she is staying. Found Alice still keeps up her night hawk habits--I stayed talking with them until 2:00 a.m.

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February 14, 1963 - Thursday

Temperature 35°. Went to see Mac Bundy, visited White House and Department offices before lunching with the Ormsby-Gores at the British Embassy. The guests were Colonel Thomas Davies (Kuwait Oil Co.), William Deacon and his wife, Narcy and David Perth, Diana Cooper, Margaret and John Walker, and the Gores' daughter. We ate broiled quail killed last week on Jock Whitney's plantation in Georgia or Florida.

At four, I attended a meeting of fellow bureaucrats who are considering the problems of political consultation with the Europeans.

Joe Alsop spent an hour at my office this afternoon, casting murky shadows; he assumes that de Gaulle intends to drive the American troops out of Europe.

A spectacular dinner at the Alsops' tonight. The President, Jackie Kennedy, Diana Cooper, the Ormsby-Gores, Pam and Leland Hayward, Bill Walton, Joan Braden and myself were guests. The President and Diana were, I am sure, mutually attracted. After dinner, he talked freely to the men; he seems to consider Latin America the most troublesome area.

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February 15, 1963 - Friday

E called me from London this morning. ~~I still have no departure date.~~ She reported all was well there.

Temperature is below freezing. The skies are clear.

Went to the dentist for cleaning. Lunched with Bob Bowie, [redacted] just returned from Paris where he spent three days with Jean Monnet. Intriguing story of his conversations with the European philosopher.

Saw a number of people before attending a meeting with Jack McCloy and others on the Soviet petroleum for British ships proposal, and the refusal of the

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British to join with other NATO members to embargo sales of 40-inch diameter pipe to the Soviets. Jack, the indestructible, was as lively as ever.

Settled down tonight to the leisurely drafting of a paper on "Political Consultation", words on so many tongues. The Europeans accuse the US Government of conducting them unbriefed on excursions into an unmapped dark, and of insensitivity to their concerns. Actually, a Great Power cannot expect popularity from lesser ones, but I do think our diplomatic style is rarely elegant.

Had a most unpleasant telephone conversation with Phil Graham, who was on his [redacted] Virginia farm. In contrast, I had uproarious talks with Sasha and young David.

February 16, 1963 - Saturday

Another superbly sunny day. Crisp at 32°. Went to State to meet Walt Rostow, Bob Schaetzel, Henry Owen and others to talk over "Political Consultation" papers.

Lunched with the Walkers at the National Gallery. The others were Baron Redé (of the Hotel Lambert in Paris), Nicole Alphand, the Winston Guests, and Nin Ryan.

Afterwards, we looked at pictures. I spent the rest of the afternoon working on "Political Consultation".

Tonight, I dined again at Joe Alsop's, where [redacted] Maestro and Mrs. Arturo Rubinstein were the chief guests. Jane and Tommy Thompson, Virginia Bacon, Joan Braden and others were there. We ate terrapin.

February 17, 1963 - Sunday

Went to the Georgetown house to ferret out some socks, then to the Wisners' for lunch. There I saw the precious Sasha. Later to Alice Longworth's, next to visit Allen Dulles, finally to dinner with Kay Halle, her nephew, and a bright Chinese from CIA. Beautiful day.

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Finished a letter to Phil Graham, for delivery tomorrow, explaining why I preferred not to lunch with him and Miss Webb. Polished up my observations on Manner and Style in Political Consultation.

February 18, 1963 - Monday

Clear, about 35°.

Had lunch with [illegible]hel Fowler. Received a letter from Phil that all was well, and he wanted me to see him alone on Thursday which I shall gladly do.

Delivered my paper on consultation to Mac Bundy, then attended a meeting presided over by the President, in the Cabinet Room, on Multilateral Forces.

Dined tonight at Bob Schaetzel's. Conversation was informed and full of spirit, as indeed it should have been in view of the intellectual capacity of the group--the Walt Rostows, Art Hartmans, Schaetzels, and Mrs. Pringle.

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February 19, 1963 - Tuesday

Raining this morning, temperature 35°.

After a circuit of my two offices this morning, I lunched at Gerry Smith's, with Livie Merchant, David Gore, Greenhill (Minister at the UK Embassy), Barnes (Planning Officer, British Foreign Office), Bill Tyler and Admiral Lee. Livie explained admirably how he proposed to conduct his reconnaisance trip on the Multilateral Nuclear Force proposal. It was evident that the British (and this has also been demonstrated in the bilateral talks now being held with them) are presently interested in the Multinational Force problem, and are lukewarm, even cool, to the other.

Time off for a quickie in the way of having a tooth filled in a shallow way, by Dr. Chase. Back to the Department until 7:30, then terrapin at the Metropolitan.

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February 20, 1963 - Wednesday

Early morning call from Jean Lambert, who wishes to present to the White House his paper on funding the British external debt. Next, Earl Brennan came to see me, still intent on his project to overthrow the President of Haiti, Duvalier.

I spent an hour with the Secretary and George Ball. They think it is about time for me to return to England and be on the alert there to report on proposals that might adversely affect US interests, especially in the trade field, before they are adopted by the UK Government.

The Secretary asked me to prepare a paper on the woolen textile affair, another of those unfortunate attempts to overprotect a domestic industrial product, particularly while we are demanding concessions from foreign nations for our exports.

Sat next to Cabot Lodge at lunch. He is still devoting much time to the Atlantic Institute.

A flurry of interdepartmental meetings this afternoon. Then a chat with Mac Bundy, followed by going with him to spend a half hour with the President. The President, in spite of his onerous schedule and responsibilities, always looks well with one exception--the cortisone, or whatever drug he takes for his ailments, seems to have thickened his face to the extent that he is almost jowly, and there is a slight protrusion of his eyeballs. But he remains unusually handsome and attractive.

We went over various matters I am to present to the Prime Minister upon my return.

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February 21, 1963 - Thursday

Started the morning at the Executive Offices. Douglas Fairbanks spent an hour with me. He has been seeing the top brass in the Pentagon and Intelligence community.

At State, I was overwhelmed by conversation and the latest position papers.

Lunched with Doc Matthews and his son Free, who has the Spanish desk in State.

Went to see Bob Manning, Assistant Secretary for Public Affairs. He is naturally concerned over the public impression created by newspaper accounts that the Secretary of State does not enjoy the full confidence of the President, and stuff of that sort. This sort of rumor has been prevalent during most administrations. Since the President is so actively interested in foreign affairs, Dean Rusk, as his principal diplomatic adviser, must play a quiet role; indeed it probably suits his temperament. The latest gossip is about the probable replacement of George McGhee, the third ranking officer in the Department, by the "Old Crocodile", as Averell is affectionately called. This gossip is correct, though it is not yet generally known to be so. In this instance, it has been a mistake to have delayed an announcement; it is bad for morale in the Service, as well as unfair to George. Manning has an unappetizing job, for the State Department, with no constituents or lobbies, can never become popular.

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Had a talk with Katie Louchheim, before going over to see Phil Graham at the Washington Post. He was entirely rational and affectionate. He spoke of his determination to get a divorce and remarry. Also he outlined the plans of new and vast publishing projects; if he regains his health he should succeed in them. However, in view of his volcanic tenseness, I fear a thundering nervous crack-up.

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The President and Mrs. Kennedy held a reception for the Diplomatic Corps from 6:30 to 8:00 p.m., after which they left for Palm Beach.

Earlier in the day, I talked to Dick Helms, an authentic professional, about the Haitian situation. I had discussed it last night with the President and Mac.

The President and Jackie were a striking looking couple at the reception. Their manners are easy and cordial; the organization is well done, for they seemed to have been briefed in time to welcome each of the 300 odd guests with personal remarks. In fact, the whole conduct of the White House, official and unofficial, is distinguished by elegance. In a house of that size, not comparable with many European palaces in bulk, but far larger than its exterior would suggest, it was no easy thing for Jackie to redecorate it in a manner that makes it one of the most attractive official residences in the world. Scattered almost carelessly about, instead of the conventional ashtrays, were fine saucers of 18th Century porcelain, and silver gilt objects, while other ornaments were above all the mantels; the numerous aides permitted themselves no slouching, the line was formed according to prepared charts--in short, the operation was both efficient and pleasing. Tish Baldridge, a genius in joviality, adept in elevating the shyest to ease, was omnipresent, introducing the wayfarers to the cavedwellers in a medley of tongues.

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The only thing I regret is that the President is such an omnivorous reader of newspapers, foreign and domestic. I think he takes their pontifications too seriously, not appreciating that journalists focus primarily on crises of the moment. I believe he is oversensitive to their criticism, and perhaps believes that reason will prevail over unreason, if laborious explanation is sufficiently practiced. I regard journalism as a noble profession, but those acutely sensitive to criticism are at a disadvantage. Certainly, national policies should never be formed with a

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view to attracting journalistic or congressional popularity--both are unstable, fickle, and necessarily not completely informed.

It has turned bitterly frigid this evening--a White House guard who kindly led me through the labyrinth of corridors back to Bundy's office, where I had deposited my now bespattered coat and inchoate hat, remarked: "It is too cold to snow."

Snug in my Metropolitan Club room, of which I am shortly to be dispossessed, I can ignore the weather outside, but only since the windows are permanently closed for summer air-conditioning, at the expense of breathing a fetid amalgam of dust and tobacco smoke. One awakes unrefreshed in the morning, but old carcasses seem immune to such constrictions.

In the White House line, I conversed with Lydia Kirk. Alan, aged 74, after merited success as Ambassador in Taiwan, is now in the Bethesda hospital to which he was sent for suspected prostate trouble. A check-up revealed a graver condition; he is now threatened with a major ~~six-hour operation on one of the~~ antennae of the aorta. He is a sophisticated sea dog, with much diplomatic experience, highly esteemed by the Old Crocodile who selected him as our representative to Nationalist China, believing, as proved correct, that he would not be awed by the Military.

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As a general proposition, I do not think ~~retired Admirals or Generals make~~ satisfactory diplomatic envoys, but there are exceptions, just as there are to Callière's prejudice against lawyers as negotiators in international affairs.

February 22, 1963 - Friday

George Washington's birthday, a public holiday, in which respect he outranks Abraham Lincoln. I traipsed down to the Executive Offices, engaged the imperturbable but overburdened, Bundy in small talk, before going to State.

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Lunched alone with Mildred Bl[redacted]s at her h[redacted]se--I do love her. I met Andre Visson at the Metropolitan. After a long talk with him, I went to see Tess and Claiborne Pell at their beautiful house on Prospect Street. With them I toured our house, before taking her across to the rented garage in which are stored the 18th Century Charleston panelling and oddments I wish [redacted] to dispose of.

Dined at Joe Alsop's with Alice Longworth, Jo[redacted]n Braden, Mac Bundy and Kay Graham. Terrapin and crabmeat. Grea[redacted] argument after dinner between Joe and Mac over Balance of Payments, and de Gaulle's intentions. I feel desperately sorry for Kay--a marvellous woman. She is convinced Phil is nuts.

February 23, 1963 - Saturday

Started the morning at Mac Bundy's office, where Jean Lambert laid out his financial plan for funding the British external debt. Ellsworth Bunker, Carl Kaysen, and Jean's lawyer were there. I think it has interesting possibilities; [redacted] will soon be submitted to Douglas Dillon.

I went to say good-bye to Dean Rusk. He gave me messages for Alec Home. He explained his attitude toward remaining in Washington whenever the President is abroad. I told him I thought misconstruction of/his doing so could best be the reasons for [redacted]viated by Presidential comment on each occasion when the question comes up.

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Went to see Tis[redacted] Baldridge this afternoon. This splendid creature is leaving the White House in June to take what appears to be a challenging job in Joe Kennedy's huge Chicago Merchandise Mart.

Dined at Alice Longworth's. Huntington Cairns, Sally and Scotty Reston, Clo[redacted]ver and Allen Dulles, Jane McBaine, Ted Weinthal of Newsweek, [redacted]la Braden, [redacted]la Leiter, Joe Alsop, and half a dozen others wer[redacted] re. A late night, most enjoyable.

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February 24, 1963 - Sunday

Snowing this morning but not freezing. Two days ago the thermometer stood at 9°, yesterday at 25°.

I spent an hour with Henry Brandon, before going to Kay Graham's to a huge buffet lunch in honor of Pam Berry. Lally Graham had telephoned me this morning, and we pursued before lunch the painful story of her recent visit to her Father in New York. The whole affair is inexpressibly sad.

Went to my private office on Wisconsin Avenue. I had talked to Mr. Underhill, Senator Kerr's lawyer, about whether I was secure in my lease. I am not. It seems that the building belongs to Mrs. Kerr, and because of the Senator's death she wants to dispose of it. Underhill wants me to buy it, says it can be acquired cheaply, and will send me the figures in London.

I am discomfited by the numerous newspaper references to the possibility of my replacing Dean Rusk as Secretary of State. There is no sliver of truth in them; I have not been asked to do so, and if I were, would most certainly decline, except under really extraordinary circumstances. Not only would I be unfitted for the task, but I would bitterly dislike its burdens.

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February 25, 1963 - Monday

Went for my last interview with the President. France, and how to treat de Gaulle, is much on his mind. I left him the following memorandum on the subject. Said good-bye to Mac Bundy, who thinks I should be brought back frequently to Washington for consultation--perhaps at two month intervals.

Lunched with Bob Thayer. His $1,000 purchase of a place in Burgundy (only the come on for large restoration expenditures) has been a great success.

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Took an afternoon Eastern Air shuttle plane to New York. Had drinks with Cecil Lyon at The Brook, where we are both staying.

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The case of President de Gaulle is curious, frustrating, and fascinating. He is France as far as foreign policy is concerned.

It is trite to say that the General is not like any one else, although he has been compared to Charlemagne, Jeanne d'Arc and Louis XIV. He is sui generis. It is certainly unfair to liken him to Louis XIV, who inherited a Kingdom and all but lost it. De Gaulle inherited a ruined, dispirited France, and revived it. His courage equals his obstinacy. Much of this obstinacy springs from his entire confidence in the accuracy of his judgment, and from the consistency of his character.

Most political leaders, like diplomatic negotiators, find that there are occasions when it is necessary and proper to compromise. Such a notion has usually been repugnant to de Gaulle, although he has changed his tactics, or strategy, under urgent circumstances.

But such changes as have occurred were self-generated, influenced by external developments, such as the evolution in the Algerian situation, but imposed by the General on himself. He is adamant against bribes or threats. Nor does he deign to haggle.

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I think it would be a mistake to try to deal with him on a quid pro quo basis. He might accept the quid, but refuse to yield the quo.

Is it then, impossible to treat with him except on his own terms? The answer depends upon whether he believes any contemplated arrangements would, on balance, benefit France.

For the present, I believe we should continue our normal diplomatic relationships with the French Government, and conduct them with the greatest courtesy. The next move, if there is to be one, should come from de Gaulle and not from the President. As we proceed with our deliberations and negotiations on multinational and multilateral f ~~es~~, almost inevitably the French Government will have to comment on them, nor should it be entirely excluded that the General may intervene with counter proposals. This would provide an opportunity to renew a dialogue with him, if we so wished.

Meanwhile, General de Gaulle should be treated by the President with Olympian calm and the European nations be discreetly encouraged to oppose his claims to be their leader. Also, we should be particularly watchful of events in Germany, and forestall any tendencies for them to enter into even the vaguest nuclear association with France.

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February 26, 1963 - Tuesday

Bought a brief case this morning. Lunched with Jim Bruce. Called on George White to sign income tax returns and discuss my business affairs.

Emmet Hughes came to see me this afternoon. His new book, chiefly on the Eisenhower administration, is ready for distribution. He thinks it will provoke violent criticism from those who already regard Hughes as little short of a traitor.

Dined with Ailsa at her apartment in the Carlyle. We had a mellow time. Sent the boys congratulations on their birthdays.

Story invented by Livie Merchant during a boring meeting: Scene, a hospital corridor. Into it, from an open door, dashes a short man, with spindly legs, wearing huge black horn spectacles, obviously in the last stages of fright. As he runs down the hall he is hotly pursued by a tall female nurse brandishing a pair of shears. A few paces behind her is a doctor, wearing a gauze mask and rubber gloves, shouting, "Stop, nurse, stop. I only told you to remove his spectacles."

February 27, 1963 - Wednesday

Endless telephone calls, including some from the Department, but most of them from newspaper friends.

Temperature was 10^0 last night. It is clear and sunny, as it was yesterday.

Lunched with Barry Lowman at Voisin. Larry was abed with gout. Gayety and originality distinguish Barry's engaging conversation; she is one of the few people who can laugh at their own painful arthritis.

I bought two combination lock cases, one for myself, the other a present to Larry Lowman.

I had half a dozen calls from State today, one of which involves my seeing Jean Monnet as soon as possible after my return to London.

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I took Joan Braden to dinner at the Colony Restaurant. She has finished her first article on Embassies for the Saturday Evening Post, and is leaving tomorrow for California.

February 28, 1963 - Thursday

The non-publication of newspapers in New York City makes one feel bereft. By late morning, a Newark, Philadelphia and Washington paper are usually available at the Club.

Alastair Cook came to see me this morning. He broke four ribs a short time ago through a fall on ice.

I lunched at the Herald Tribune offices on West 41st Street with Jock Whitney, Editor in Chief and Publisher, James Bellows, Managing Editor, Seymour Freidin, Executive Editor, Foreign News, Richard Wald, Executive Editor, National News, Murry Weiss, Executive Editor, Metropolitan News, Dwight Sargent, Editor, Editorial Page, and Raymond Price, Sunday Editor. We talked of the senseless strike that has for so long idled New York's papers; it seems that Dorothy Schiff has broken ranks, and will resume publication of the Post next Monday. Then we galloped over Europe.

I went to see Audrey, Stephen, and their three divine, sweet children this afternoon. Also stopped in to discuss art objects with the Kleinmans. Wound up the shank of the afternoon at Jean Lambert's apartment in the Carlyle.

Dined at the Brook, with Squab Read, and Mr. Kent, on delicious grilled kidneys.

The temperature for the month of February in New York City has averaged 28°.

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March 1, 1963 - Friday

Taxied to Idlewild this morning, driven by a spectacular cab driver, Abe Cohen, aged 65. Awards numbering fifteen have been made by the Police Department and Mayor for his services in suppressing malefactors. He has been shot once and also knifed by criminals. Three of his assailants have been separately killed by his running them over with his car. They seem to me to have been uncommonly careless, but he ascribes his success to his own nippiness. He carries an iron bar on the front seat. When poked in the back with a pistol, or after a razor has been held at his throat, he meekly surrenders his takings for the day; then, as the bandit opens a back door, Cohen goshes him.

We were aloft at 10:20 a.m. The ridiculous Maxim's menu has not changed except for the deletion of ptarmigan, which one would only eat out of curiosity. The pretentiousness of the printed programme remains, with its postscriptum: "La Bonne Cuisine est la base du veritable bonheur." I made out satisfactorily with caviar, roast beef, Port Salut cheese, a raw apple, and a sound red bordeaux.

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Arrived in London after a six and a half hour trip, to be met by E, Al Wells, and Bob Smith. It was wonderful to get back to E and Nicky.

March 2, 1963 - Saturday

Went to the office this morning. My spirit quailed at the sight of large folders of mail and documents to which I should attend.

When Joan Braden was here we went through our paces for the Saturday Evening Post photographers. Now two nice representatives from Look are performing similarly. E and I were snapped multiple times in the office, and again at the house, in the course of the afternoon and early evening.

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March 3, 1963 - Sunday

I seem to have arrived at a lucky period. The dreadful weather of February has been replaced by mild March sunshine and gentle winds. Al Wells came to lunch, and Virginia Surtees and Jack McCloy for dinner.

Jack is here primarily as an adviser to American oil companies, and is presently engaged in looking into the proposed barter deal between the Soviet Government and British shipping companies, by which the Soviets hope to pay for vessels with petroleum exports. McCloy deserves to be, as he has sometimes been termed, the head figure in the "American establishment." He is engaging, able, [redacted] devoted to every good cause, [redacted] sympathetic, understanding, and tolerant. I know that [redacted] President Kennedy, as did his predecessors, values his advice highly. He talked about many thing of interest, amongst them his unpublicized participation in the Cuban Affair. He seems as active physically and mentally as he ever was. He is Chairman of the Ford Foundation, [redacted] Adviser to the Chase Manhattan Bank, Chairman of the Council on Foreign Relations, and [redacted] counsel of a New York law firm. In addition to these occupations, he spents a good deal of time in Washington and also abroad, doing odd and valuable jobs for the American Government. One of his recent adventures was to import one of the five small terra cotta busts of Benjamin Franklin and raise a fund to have it given to the State Department. It cost $17,000, so he wrote to seventeen friends, asking each to contribute $1,000. Amongst other prospects, he approached me, as well as the other living ex-Ambassadors to France, and raised the entire amount, with an overage of $2,000.

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March 4, 1963 - Monday

I talked on the telephone with McCloy this morning about his conversations with oil magnates, British and American. I sent George Ball a telegram about one point he mentioned:

> "Jack McCloy asked me to say he considers it most important that a high US official say to Erroll, President of Board of Trade, now in United States, how strongly USG feels against proposed Soviet ship oil trade. He believes matter on this side in fairly good shape."

Jean Monnet flew over from Paris to see me. As a result of our talk I sent the following telegram to the President and Secretary:

> "I saw Jean Monnet this morning. He is particularly enthusiastic about prospect of the President visiting Germany, and the psychological effect of such a trip, which would be triumphal, if carefully arranged.
>
> He feels it essential that the President accept Mayor Brandt's invitation to go to West Berlin. There is an excellent precedent for this in Khrushchev's recent stay in East Berlin.
>
> In addition, Monnet hopes the President will also stop in Munich (for whom an invitation can be easily arranged), and spend a day there, as well as a day each in Bonn and West Berlin.
>
> In these three places, the President might talk about peace, partnership and interdependence, somewhat along the lines of his July 4 speech in Philadelphia.
>
> Since General deGaulle is expected to be in Bonn in June, although no exact date has yet been fixed, presumably after ratification of the Franco-German treaty, it might be well to forestall his plans by an early announcement of the President's proposed visit, which should preferably antedate de Gaulle's.
>
> I recommend that, if practicable, the above be done. I talked to John McCloy last night on this subject; he warmly endorses idea."

I lunched with Harold Caccia at the Turf. We discussed certain Foreign Office matters, and I told him something of what I had been doing in the United States. At five o'clock, I went down to see the Prime Minister at Admiralty House. I spent an hour and a half with him, and [redacted] Alec Home, with Philip de Zulueta present.

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March 5, 1963 - Tuesday

Another beautiful day. Monnet came back this morning with Max Kohnstamm. We had a long discussion, as a result of which I sent this telegram:

"I have talked again this morning with Jean Monnet and Max Kohnstamm about the Franco-German treaty. They have made a study of German constitutional law and think, as I strongly do, that we should take the following action:

1. The Franco-German treaty contains one specific provision which, unless precautions are taken now, may develop against the interest of the Atlantic Alliance.

2. This provision is the one under Defense B I 1. It provides that on strategic and tactical plans the French and German authorities will make every effort to harmonize doctrines with a view to arrive at common conception. Franco-German Institutes for operational research will be created.

3. Strategic and tactical plans are obviously the concern of NATO. It is imperative that no uncertainty on this point should exist.

4. In order to insure this now and for the future, a simple declaration by the Bundestag is not enough. It would merely be a wish expressed by the present Parliament, and would not have force of law. Such force of law is necessary to bind present Government and its successors.

5. I suggest therefore that Bonn Embassy be instructed to insist that the German Government insert in ratification law submitted to Bundestag a special article to that effect. Such an article should provide that the German Government in applying provisions referred to in paragraph above will do so in NATO framework, and will have as its objective the strengthening of the Alliance.

6. Such clause would not in any way necessitate re-opening of negotiations between French and German Governments, because it would simply be an obligation on the present German Government and its successors as to the way they would act in implementation of treaty. Any protestations by the Chancellor that a Resolution would be sufficient should be disregarded.

7. Representations on this should be made to the Chancellor, and the Foreign Minister. Von Brentano and the Defense Minister should also be informed.

8. Since Chancellor is leaving in few days for vacation Cadenabbia, Italy, it is urgent that if suggestion adopted representations be made soonest possible."

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questions. I fended off the embarrassing ones as best I could. Interest seemed to be chiefly concentrated on the multilateral force idea. I pointed out that Livie Merchant's trip was in the nature of a reconnaissance, and I thought our Government policy was not to try to inveigle our allies into contributions, but to seek their views on possible participation in this undertaking.

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Bob Roosa came to see me this afternoon. He has been making swaps for the Treasury, and has secured large amounts of foreign currencies.

March 7, 1963 - Thursday

I lunched today with De Myers at Bucks Club. Afterwards, former Ambassador van Kleffens, of the Netherlands, now Representative of the Coal & Steel Community, came to see me about his forthcoming trip to Washington. He is an outstanding diplomat, with long experience. I first knew him here in London in the early 40's. He has useful ideas about US trade with the Community of Six, that he expects to present to Dean Rusk and George Ball next week.

I talked on the telephone to Monnet in Paris this morning. He wanted to meet Merchant and myself here on Sunday, but Livie will not be available.

Mrs. Russell Hoadley, an elderly lady, came to see me. She lost the sight of oneeye years ago, and wishes to give $30,000 to succor American veterans suffering from eye diseases or blindness.

We had a cocktail party tonight at the residence. There were about 100 people, a manageable number. I was especially delighted to find in this goulash, Kit Steel, who returned from Germany this morning. He has already accepted the first of what will probably be a long bede roll of company directorates.

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March 8, 1963 - Friday

Mr. Channing, President of the American Chamber of Commerce, came to see me this morning about the lease of their building on Brook Street.

We had a long staff meeting, in the course of which I outlined to my associates my activities in Washington. Coburn Kidd, who is passing through here, gave us an interesting commentary on conditions in Germany.

I lunched with E at the Turf Club. John Leddy came to see me this afternoon. He is calling on British officials to discuss with them our desire to have Japan become a member of OECD.

Typical of the misinformation so frequently published in American newspapers about our foreign diplomatic establishments is the following, together with [redacted] suggested comments by Findley Burns:

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I sent a [redacted] telegram, about a message from our Ambassador in Luxembourg, reporting a recent conversation with Dr. Bech. In the course of it, he observed

> "This grand old man of Europe in his own colorful metaphor doubts that atmosphere in which diplomacy is conducted today is conducive to these of any other affirmative objectives and there are in his view too many meetings among the Heads of States and too many public pronouncements by Foreign Ministers. Likening diplomacy to a "haute cuisine," Bech said it must be prepared by the cooks in the kitchen where the inevitable odors will be suffered only by the cooks themselves. By the time the dinner is presented the odors will have disappeared and the masters may proceed eat their repast."

I [redacted] commented:

> "Embtel Luxembourg seems to me to deserve considerable attention, because of Bech's almost unique standing with leading politicians in Western Europe.
>
> This venerated, perpetual office-holder (whose once daily inhalations from a hundred cigarettes was compensated for by copious draughts of various wines, so that his blood vessels remained in perfect equipoise until tobacco finally impaired his heart) speaks rarely in public, but when he does his pronouncements carry much authority.

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